

# LITERARY THE TABLET.

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## Original Communications.

For the Tablet.

### Constance and Montrose.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Constance was indeed a beautiful and interesting being, and well deserved the affections of her widowed mother. She had now reached the age of seventeen, and was fast entering upon that period of life which is so thickly crowded with dangers and temptations. The splendor of her beauty—her perfect symmetry of form, and her captivating grace in every action, excited, it is true, the admiration of the gay and fashionable world; but it was the daily exhibition of her virtues, and the angel sweetness of her disposition, which gained her the esteem and love of all with whom she was connected. Brought up in the peaceful seclusion of innocence and simplicity, she had early learnt to cherish those inestimable qualities of mind which by restraining and refining the wishes of the heart, secure at once propriety of action. Although naturally fond of solitude, and disgusted with the callous feelings and selfish calculations of the world, she allowed the claims which society presented, and came forward to increase its pleasures with her own suavity of manners, the vivacity of her mind, and her richly varied talents. Distinguished thus alike by nature and education, is it wonderful that Constance thus found herself the object of universal praise? She had already received many an advantageous proposal for her hand, but had declined them all, and entrusted to the prudence and affection of her mother the delicate task of selecting the partner of her life. Madame de Blainville on the other hand, apprehensive of committing past all recall the life and prospects of one so justly and tenderly beloved, was continually examining with the greatest scrutiny the characters of those who sought an alliance with her daughter, and considering with maternal anxiety the various pledges each could offer to guard and continue the happiness of Constance. Precautions and intentions as wise as these, deserved a success far more fortunate and happy.

Amongst the crowd of admirers who were seeking with so much eagerness the affections of Constance, Montrose was

eminently distinguished by the modesty and polish of his manners, and that gentle, attractive appearance, which immediately gains the hearts of all beholders. A native of the same province with Constance, and the son of respectable parents, he had been educated with all the virtues of his family, and avoided the vices of the world. His fortune it is true was moderate, and his age scarce that of manhood—but he had the happiness to find himself preferred, and soon the most beautiful and virtuous of women became the partner of his bosom. It was a union of unalloyed happiness, for the heart of Constance found a ready acquiescence with the wishes of her mother. For the first few years of marriage, the lovers found themselves united to each other by an equal and constantly increasing tenderness. They experienced the same pleasure—the same degree of transport—the same desire to increase the mutual happiness of each, that they had felt at first. Happy, thrice happy parents! Montrose ceased not to exult in the success that crowned his wishes, and if his young and beautiful companion had first captivated his heart by her beauties and perfections, she had a holier and a stronger claim to respect and love, as the mother of his offspring fulfilling with the tenderest solicitude the new and engaging duties which nature had imposed. Madame de Blainville was enraptured. Alas! they were far from suspecting that these innocent enjoyments—this sweet repose of peace and happiness was soon to be exchanged for the tears of woe, and the murmurings of sadness.

In the neighborhood of the Chateau where this happy family was thus united, had resided for a considerable time the widow of a military officer, who had fallen on the field of battle. She was still young, and adorned with uncommon beauty—but artful and corrupted. She possessed in the highest degree the art of seducing and binding to herself all those with whom she was connected. Her apparent suavity of disposition—her flattering discourse and affected modesty, together with an air of simplicity which concealed the greatest dissimulation, gained her at first esteem and confidence. It was veiled in this mask of deception and intrigue, that she had already destroyed many victims and was still contriving the destruction of many

more. The contiguity of their dwellings had established between her and Lady Blainville, the customary forms and visits of politeness. She had taken advantage of these circumstances to render her visits more frequent, and by degrees to seek for the closest intimacy with the family. Montrose, young, beautiful, amiable as he was, appeared a conquest worthy of her powers, and from that moment she employed every art and action of which nature or experience had taught her the fatal and seducing power. It was difficult for her however, with all her talents, to impose long upon the sagacity and clear sightedness of Madame de Blainville, who had been already led by some fearful presentiment, to distrust the dangerous beauty of her friend. Vice in some manner or other is continually revealing its true character. It cannot assume the garb of candor with an appearance so natural as to never be discovered. Certain expressions will escape—certain customs will return involuntary, which will finally excite attention and suspicion in the minds of those who have learnt by experience the deceptions of the world.

Constance and Montrose, however, became more easily the victims of this designing woman. The former deceived by her own peculiar innocence, beheld in the unworthy rival who was about to rend her heart with anguish, nothing but an amiable woman, interesting on account of her misfortunes, whose desolate condition—whose solitude of heart she would if possible assuage. The latter rejoiced in securing an acquaintance which he believed would furnish Constance with an agreeable and faithful friend.

When Madame de Besar was assured that she had established herself in the confidence of the two lovers, she hesitated not to exhibit before them the graces of her mind, and her charms of conversation. The familiarity which existed now between them seemed to authorise the innumerable sallies of wit which she made with so much ingenuity, and by which she sought rather to dazzle and mislead the understanding, than address the heart. She had read and traveled much—was admirable in her narrations and capable of adorning every subject with the colorings of an imagination at once brilliant and ex-

tensive. The skill too with which she disguised her own superiority under the appearance of a negligent simplicity, was especially remarkable. This method of seduction had already produced its effects upon Montrose. Although Constance was as yet the only woman that he loved, still, the high opinion he had conceived of Madame de Besar, betokened but too well even at its commencement his ultimate surrender. It is always difficult to defend ourselves from those whom we admire, and Montrose was already too much enraptured with the conversation of this fascinating and intriguing woman, to leave any room to hope that he would not sooner or later regard Constance as far beneath her in the charms of mind. His self love was also flattered by the esteem with which Madame de Besar pretended to regard him, and the premeditated attention which she gave to his discourse. She had now rendered herself necessary to the happiness of Montrose, and indeed of all the family. She was present at each party of pleasure, and would often suffer a long period to elapse between her visits, in order to arouse their impatience for re-union. Madame de Blainville was the only one who was not deceived, and she had determined to favor this unhappy friendship for fear of distressing the feelings of her children.

It was not long ere Madame de Besar determined to employ another method to secure her purpose. Until now she had endeavored only to render herself an object of admiration by the sweetness of her manners and the richness of her mind. nature had bestowed upon her many an advantage in the formation of her person, and the victory would be indeed complete, could she render her beauty as conspicuous as she had her intellect. The undertaking was a difficult one, it is true, but alas, too well did this deceitful woman understand the workings of the heart. Montrose had always idolized his wife, and had found no motive to compare her charms with those of any one before—the natural effect of a fervent and all absorbing love which had as yet lost none of its vivacity. It was the wish of Madame de Besar therefore, to withdraw his attentions from Constance, and to fix them on herself—to *en-snare* him by the beauties of her person. whatever coquetry has that is most enticing, was employed many months to allure and beguile her victim, till at length her object was accomplished. Montrose perceived that she yielded not in beauty to those whom he had loved. He paused and reflected—a reflection not as yet criminal, but leading to destruction. Two circumstances, the results of consummate skill and perfidy, hastened on the ruin of this innocent and unhappy young man.

It was a beautiful summer day, and preparations had been made for a ramble through the groves which skirted the extensive garden of the Chateau. Madame de Blainville and her daughter had retired

for a few moments, and Montrose was conversing in the saloon with Madame de Besar, when suddenly an ashy paleness overspread her countenance, and she fell fainting towards the floor. He sprang forward and received her in his arms. After using every measure which the circumstances suggested for her restoration, and despairing of them all, he ventured to unloose her girdle and remove the veil that was floating on her breast. Whatever may be the firmness and virtue of a man, a moment like this is fraught with danger to his heart. It was not long ere Madame de Besar's spirits returned, but Montrose had discovered a bosom heaving with emotion and the sight had stamped upon his mind a voluptuous and enticing image.

Constance and her mother soon returned to the apartment and on learning the accident which had occurred, embraced Madame de Besar with demonstrations of the greatest joy at her recovery. But their walk was more in silence than was usual. Montrose was reflecting on the scene he had witnessed, and Constance was harassed. The recollection that the charms of her friend had been exposed to the gaze of her husband, excited a species of displeasure for which she could not account. Madame de Besar on the other hand, affected an embarrassment which was attributed to modesty by the generous feelings of those present; but, already was she rejoicing in her triumph. Montrose was no longer insensible to her perfections, and Constance was cherishing, perhaps, the first germs of jealousy, secret indeed, but still efficient. A double and unlooked for success had attended her designs.

(To be concluded.)

For the Tablet.

#### To Ella.

I've traced the glittering stars of night,  
In heaven's arch of blue,—  
Those meteor gems are not so bright  
As love's sweet glance from you.  
  
I've viewed the snowy cloudlets fair,  
That come with evening's dew,  
And float o'er fields of upper air—  
But none so pure as you.  
  
I've gazed on many a verdant scene,  
My wildest fancy drew  
Of mountain streams, and vallies green,—  
Lone wandering spots with you.  
  
I've sought deep ocean's coral groves,  
Of ever changing hue,  
And roved the bower the mermaid loves—  
In sweetest thought of you.  
  
I've grasped the wreath Ambition wears,  
Its struggling victims due;  
To take the passing joys it gives,  
And share them love with you. OSCAR.

A person once said to a father whose son was noted for laziness, that he thought his son was very much afraid of work. "Afraid of work," replied the father, "not at all—he will lay down and go to sleep close by the side of it!"

#### Miscellaneous.

##### An Odd Combat.

Breakfast being over, our landlord, Mr. Contretemps, (a Frenchman,) Mr. Doolittle, (a keen Yankee,) and myself, were introduced into a circular area of considerable size, surrounded by cages, containing various native animals, which though pronounced by the Frenchman to be vastly inferior to the national menagerie at Paris, was *pas très mauvaise*. Mr. Doolittle was extremely inquisitive about the nature and habits of all the animals; and his curiosity was sometimes only allayed by the pugnacious disposition manifested by its subject. Once he seized a monkey by the tail to examine it more closely but was glad to release it, after receiving a pretty severe bite from the snapish beast. But his attention, as well as of all the other spectators, was engrossed by a lion of terrific size and majestic mien. A large black mane overhung his forehead, and mantled his gigantic and muscular neck. His eyes were closed, and his head reclined and supported by his forepaws that hung carelessly from the front of the cage, and his beautifully smooth and tawny body reposed gracefully at full length, while his tufted tail was occasionally moved to and fro with exquisite grace and dignity. The keeper and proprietor of this exhibition aroused him from the recumbent posture, by blows from an ignoble cow-skin, and by pinching the ear of the royal animal, caused him to utter such a roar as cleaved the air like thunder. By frequent irritations his rage was excited, his eyes flashed, he lashed his sides furiously, and moved back and forth in his narrow cell.

"There," exclaimed the keeper, "is the unrivalled African lion; there's not a match for him in this country, nor in Europe."

"Ah! if I was in France," ejaculated Mr. Contretemps.

"Not so ternal far as that neither," said Mr. Doolittle, with an air of thoughtfulness; "what will you bet that I won't find something that will make him knock under, and beg for quarter?"

"Anything you have got to throw away, two, three, four hundred dollars," was the confident answer.

"Four let it be then; and let the landlord hold the stakes. If I am not on the spot by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, ready to do what I have promised, the money is yours. So good bye till then."

The host held the wager, and Mr. Doolittle went off in high glee, cautioning us not to be surprised in case of his absence during the night. This notice was of some advantage; for had he remained absent, and that without warning, my doubts of his sanity and safety would have received an unpleasant confirmation.

Deprived of him as a companion, Mr. C. who was, in reality, a very sensible man when conversing in his mother tongue,

which I gave him to understand was not a dead language to me, made the hours fly very rapidly by his lively conversation, his shrewd and just observations, and his patriotic eulogiums on his native land. Night had set in, but Mr. Doolittle had not yet appeared; and fatigued by the exertions of the day, we early retired to rest.

It was late when I rose, and on coming down to breakfast I noticed an unusual bustle in the bar-room, and in the precincts of the tavern. The report of the unprecedented challenge had been noised abroad by many-tongued rumor; and such is the universal thirst for novelty, that vehicles of every description poured into the village, freighted with young and old men, women and children, to behold, a combat such as the bull fight of Spain had never equalled, or the shows of Rome never surpassed.— Still the champion had not arrived, and as it wanted but half an hour of the appointed time, the stake holder, Monsieur and I, proceeded to the intended field of battle, followed by the curious and gaping multitude. A station was assigned us near the cage, and a large space defended by posts and ropes for the convenience of all parties concerned. The keeper was enjoying himself at the expense of the 'crazy Yankee, as he called him, and scouting the idea of the possible fulfilment of his promise.

'The fellow,' said he, 'has got more money than he knows what to do with; pshaw! Nero has not tasted a morsel of food for twenty hours, and is as savage as a wolf. What time is it landlord?'

'It wants five minutes of ten,' was the reply.

It is impossible to describe or conceive the intense interest that thrilled through the crowd as the fatal moment drew near. Every breath was stilled, and curiosity forgot the numerous animals around to gaze wholly on the Lion. He stood erect, slowly shaking his head and bulky mane, as raising them with closed eyes, he uttered a plaintive howl, that, by degrees subsided in a rough, sepulchral groan.

'A half a minute of time!' exclaimed the landlord.

'Hallo there,' shouted a voice without, 'I did not bargain to pay the toll when I came back,' said Mr. Doolittle bursting past the door-keeper, rushed through the throng and leaping the barriers, stood in the midst, just as the landlord uttered 'Ten!' He was covered with mud and sweat, and his garments were torn—he wore no hat, but under his arm held a handkerchief, apparently containing something within it. The keeper looked at him with an air of triumph, as he said to him: 'I knew you would lose as well as I knew that ten o'clock would come; four hundred dollars is not such a bad wind fall, not to speak of the rapid business we have done to-day.'

'Stop that everlasting tongue of yours—don't crow before morning, as the farmer said to the rooster: as you say, four hundred dollars is not so bad. Did I not tell

you that I would find a master for your growler yonder, and by buttons! I would have fought him myself for want of a better, but to fight with the dumb beasts is good enough for those that are like them.'

'Oh, le sauvage!' said Monsieur.

'Yes, I would have pounded his hide at a steamboat rate, I tell ye; but there's no occasion for all that trouble just now, so let us by mister—but stay, we will have the judges first.'

Accordingly, two respectable farmers were associated with myself as umpires of the contest, and having declared our readiness to begin, we begged Mr. Zach to procure his combatant.

'That is easily done now, although, I had an everlasting bother to get the creature,' said he, as he slowly unfolded the handkerchief, and produced a common *land tortoise*!

'Pho!' said one.

'The man is crazy!' exclaimed the village doctor.

The keeper smiled and looked greedily towards the stakes.

'Oh, wait a second, observed Zach while he cautiously thrust his companion under the grating of the lion's cage, and then drew back to watch the progress of the operation. The lion had laid down, with his back towards the tortoise, and he looked carelessly over his shoulders, as much as if he would have said, 'you are not eatable.' Soon however, as if conscious of the contempt of the huge beast, the tortoise opened his house with a short sharp hiss, but as quickly closed it for the lion started at the sound, and turned round upon his opposite side. He then rose, snuffed at, and walked round it several times, without discerning any signs of life; and presently, as if in sportive humor, laid its paw on its back, drawing it back and forth. He then settled himself in a couchant position and commenced a game of foot-ball, throwing the tortoise from side to side, as a boy tosses a ball from one hand to the other, and appearing highly delighted with his amusement. The object of this disrespectful treatment remained as quiet and apparently as lifeless as a stone, and the spectators began to tire of what they now conceived to be a concerted hoax, to draw their patronage. Suddenly Don Lion changed his plan, and once more snuffed about the tortoise, then extending his long rough tongue, he began to lick it as a cat does her young kittens at one time above, at another below, when in an instant and to the unspeakable astonishment of all present but one, the tongue of the lion was seen to be encumbered with the whole weight of the tortoise; the cunning reptile had silently opened the crevice of his shell, and in an unguarded moment entrapped the end of the lion's tongue in its vice like grasp. In vain did he endeavor to extricate himself; he started back, shook his head violently, and even applied his paws to force the enemy from his hold. But every moment served only to increase his agony in a part so exquisitely sensitive, and

render the gripe still tighter than before—He lay down, and tumbled with intensity of suffering; the moisture ran from his lips were mantled with white foam, and from those eyes that so lately flashed fire, streamed ignoble tears, while his groans came upon the ear, with sensation of such piteous and sickening horror as I had never witnessed.

It seemed as if every nerve was wrung with anguish, and every muscle was powerless. The rustics shrunk back in terror, and many a lass's fair cheek was moistened with trickling tears: it was a sight too painfully grand, to behold without emotion;

to see that magnificent animal, the king of the forest, with which we associate every idea of native nobleness and magnanimity to see him whom a ponderous and mighty elephant had failed to subdue writh under the power of an inglorious reptile, and sink nerveless in the grasp of one of the lowest created beings. The keeper who had been struck with amazement at this unexpected exhibition, was now terrified beyond measure at the situation of his royal favorite, and offered twice the amount of the stake if the victor would release him.

This offer he generously declined, but pocketing the money which was unanimously declared to be his, he bade him keep the lion quiet for a few moments. This course the animal seemed prompted to by instinct: he lay still as death, scarce breathing, and motionless in every limb. Very soon the tortoise finding no violence was intended relaxed his hold, and the lion started up with a bound and a yell that shook the stoutest heart; but so entirely exhausted was he, that he sank into the farthest corner of the cage, unwilling, or unable to move, or even to devour the food placed before him.

Zach removed the conqueror, and as we walked towards the tavern, he amused himself with examining its beautiful shell, and its admirable adaptation for defense. 'A pretty smart critter,' said he, 'considering it was never brought up to the trade.'

From the Charleston Mercury.

### What do we live for?

What do we live for? is it to be  
The sport of fortune's power?  
To launch our bark on pleasure's sea,  
And float perhaps an hour?  
To waste our time in idle dreams  
Of what may be to-morrow,  
To glean with care from present scenes  
The source of future sorrow?

What do we live for? is it to find  
The ties of friendship broken,  
That love's a sound to cheat mankind  
And dies as soon as spoken?  
To mark the woes on others hurled  
Nor weep their hapless lot?  
To hate our fellows—curse the world—  
To die and be forgot?

No! we were formed to seek for truth  
Through path made plain by reason;  
To hail that light in earliest youth  
Which shines in every season.  
Yes; we were made to win below  
The boon hereafter given;  
To calmly smile at earthly woe,  
And find our home in heaven.

We extract the following humorous *memoir* of Teach, usually styled "Blackbeard," the renowned pirate, whose depredations more than a hundred years ago filled the colonies with terror, from "Tom Cringle's Log" published in Blackwood's Magazine.

**Memoir of John Teach, Esquire,**  
*Vulgarly called Blackbeard,*

BY AARON BANG, ESQUIRE, F. R. S.

— "He was the mildest manner'd man  
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.  
With such true breeding of a gentleman,  
You never could discern his real thought.  
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,  
He was so great a loss to good society."

John Teach, or Blackbeard, was a very eminent man—a very handsome man, and a very devil amongst the ladies.

He was a Welshman, and introduced the leek into Nassau about the year 1718, and was a very remarkable personage, although, from some singular imperfection in his moral constitution, he could never distinguish clearly between *meum* and *tuum*.

He found his patrimony was not sufficient to support him; and as he disliked agricultural pursuits as much as mercantile, he got together forty or fifty fine young men one day, and *borrowed* a vessel from some merchants that was lying at the Nore, and set sail for the Bahamas. On his way he fell in with several West Indiamen, and sending a boat on board of each, he asked them for the *loan* of provisions and wine, and all their gold and silver, and clothes, which request was in every instance but one civilly acceded to, whereupon, drinking their good healths, he returned to his ship. In the instance where he had been uncivilly treated, to show his forbearance, he saluted them with twenty-one guns on returning to his ship; but by some accident the shot had not been withdrawn, so that unfortunately the contumacious ill-bred craft sank, and as Blackbeard's own vessel was very crowded, he was unable to save any of the crew. He was a great admirer of fine air, and accordingly established himself on the island of New Providence, and invited a number of elegant young men, who were fond of pleasure cruises, to visit him, so that presently he found it necessary to launch forth in order to *borrow* more provisions.

At this period he was a great dandy; and amongst other vagaries, he allowed his beard to grow a foot long at the shortest, and then plaited it into three strands, indicating that he was a bashaw of no common dimensions.—He wore red breeches, but no stockings, and sandals of bullock's hide. He was a perfect Egyptian in his curiousness of fine linen, and his shirt was always white as the driven snow *when* it was clean, which was the first Sunday of every month. In waistcoats he was especially select; but the cut of them very much depended on the fashion in favor with the last gentleman he had *borrowed* anything from. He never wore any thing but

a full dress purple velvet coat, under which bristled three brace of pistols, and two naked stilettoes, only eighteen inches long, and he had generally a lighted match *fizzing* in the bow of his cocked scraper, whereat he lighted his pipe, or fired off a cannon, as pleased him.

One of his favorite amusements when he got half slewed, was to adjourn to the hold with his complotors, and kindling some brimstone matches, to dance and roar, as if he had been the devil himself, until his allies were nearly suffocated. At another time he would blow out the candle in the cabin, and blaze away with his loaded pistols at random, right and left, whereby he severely wounded the feelings of some of his intimates by the poignancy of his wit, all of which he considered a most excellent joke. But he was kind to his fourteen wives so long as he was sober, as it is known that he never murdered above three of them. His borrowing, however, gave offence to our goverment no one can tell how; and at length two of our frigates, the Lime and Pearl, then cruising off the American coast, after driving him from his strong hold hunted him down in an inlet in North Carolina, where, in an eight gun schooner, with thirty desperate fellows, he made a defense worthy of his honorable life, and fought so furiously that he killed and wounded more men of the attacking party than his own crew consisted of; and following up his success, he, like a hero as he was, boarded, sword in hand, the headmost of the two armed sloops, which had been detached by the frigates, with ninety men on board, to capture him; and being followed by twelve men and his trusty lieutenant, he would have carried her out and out maugre the disparity of force, had he not fainted from loss of blood, and, falling on his back, died where he fell, like a hero—

"His face to the sky, and his feet to the foe"—leaving eleven forlorn widows, being the fourteen wives, *minus* the three that he had throttled.

**Ancient Dexterity.**

One of the early kings of Egypt, being desirous to secure his riches, commanded a treasure house to be built; but the architect, intending to have some share of the treasure, instead of finishing the building completely, placed one of the stones in so artful a manner, that it could be taken out and put in again by one man. As he was prevented by death from accomplishing his design, on his death-bed he gave full instructions to his two sons how to execute it. After they had for some time plundered the treasury, and carried off large sums, the king, who observed the gradual diminution of his wealth, without being able to discover how the thieves had access to it, finding his seal upon the door always whole, ordered several strong traps to be left in the treasury.—By this means one of the brothers was at last taken; but finding it impossible to es-

cape, he pressed his brother to cut off his head, and retire with it to prevent any discovery.

The next morning, examining the success of his project, upon finding a man without a head in the snare, hastened out in the greatest alarm and confusion; but, recovering himself, he ordered the body to be exposed on the outside of the wall to the public view, charging the guards placed around it to observe the countenances of the spectators, and to seize those who appeared sorrowful. The surviving brother, urged by his mother's entreaties and threats of exposure, formed the design of carrying off his brother's body. Accordingly, driving his asses thither, laden with skins of wine, he found means, by the stratagem of letting his wine run out, to intoxicate and stupify the guards. While they were in a deep sleep, he shaved the right cheek of each of them, by way of derision and in the middle of the night, carried off the body on one of his asses.

The action still more astonished the king who, being now more earnest to discover the thief, ordered his daughter to receive the addresses of all suitors promiscuously, on condition that each should previously confess to her the most ingenious action he had ever managed, and the greatest crime he had ever committed. The young man, resolving again to perplex the king, went to the place to his daughter, and confessed to her that he had cut off his brother's head, and afterwards carried off the body. When she then offered to lay hold of him, he stretched out to her the arm of a dead man, which he had carried in under his cloak, (suspecting the intentions of the king,) and, while she supposed she had detained the culprit he made his escape.

The king's resentment being now converted into admiration, he promised a pardon and reward to the person who had robbed his treasury, if he would discover himself. The young man, upon this proclamation, immediately made himself known; and the king, thereupon accounting him far superior in dexterity to any man then living, gave him his daughter in marriage.—*Youth's Lit. Gar.*

**A COQUETTE IN INDIA.**—“And who says I, “is that pretty young lady to whom three gentlemen are paying court?” “It is Miss T. giving laws to her triumvirate; she possesses talents of no common order. What an acquisition she would have been to the Czar or the coteries of Paris! She has not yet numbered twenty summers, yet observe with what a delicate poise she preserves the balance of power. To one of her adorers she had given her fan, to another her scarf, the third was “an desespoir’ What was to be done! Fortunately the ribbon of her sandal was loose, she told the despairing one to tie, he did so, recovered his gaiety, and an universal equilibrium was the consequence.”

## Art.

By CHARLES SPRAGUE.

When from the sacred garden driven,  
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,  
An angel left her place in heaven,  
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.  
'Twas Art! sweet Art! now radiance broke,  
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;  
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,  
"The curse, a blessing shall be found."  
  
She led him through the trackless wild.  
Where noontide sunbeams never blazed:—  
The thistle shrunk—the harvest smiled,  
And nature gladdened as she gazed.  
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,  
At Art's command to him are given,  
The village grows, the city springs  
And point their spires of faith to heaven.  
  
He rends the oak—and bids it ride,  
To guard the shores its beauty graced;  
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,  
See towers of strength, and domes of taste.  
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,  
Fire bears his banner on the wave,  
He bids the mortal poison heal,  
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.  
  
He plucks the pearl that studs the deep,  
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill:  
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,  
And mocks his own creator's skill.  
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,  
He bids the ore illume the page,  
And proudly scorning time's control,  
Commences with an unborn age.  
  
In fields of air he writes his name,  
And treads the chamber of the sky;  
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame,  
That quivers round the throne on high.  
In war renowned, in peace sublime,  
He moves in greatness and in grace;  
His power subduing space and time,  
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

## The Tea Table.

"Well, sir, I can take care of myself," said Julia Pellew to her husband, as they were taking tea together in their little parlor, one delightful summer afternoon. Just at that moment, and while the words were yet on her tongue, the door opened, and Miss Polly Gaw entered the room on one of her flying afternoon visits. Julia could not avoid coloring up a little at this sudden intrusion; for this young lady's visits were always intrusive, and Miss Gaw evidently saw, or suspected she had dropped in at a moment when her company was not the most desirable. However she got herself seated, and entertained the good neighbor with a history, about three hours long, of the home concerns of every family in the neighborhood. There was a minute and detailed account of Miss D's party, with a list of all who were not invited, among whom she was most careful to mention that Julia was one; then the progress of the courtships in the country; the domestic squabbles of her acquaintances; the scandals of the week; the motions of the old widower who lived on the Appleby farm, betokening an approaching union with the Squire's daughter, and who were jealous thereof, and a hundred other topics, equally interesting and profitable, were all spread out on the carpet.

Mr. Pellew had made his escape as soon as he rose from the table, and Miss Polly did not fail to comment largely on the savage unsociability of husbands, insisting that they were as restless and unhappy in the marriage noose as caged up tigers, and instancing how gay, and young, and spruce they immediately become on losing their wives; kindly and most sympathetically adding, "if you were to drop off, my dear Julia, Mr. Pellew would in ten days, be the most gallant and agreeable man in the village." After enjoying herself, and entertaining Julia thus delightfully until it began to grow late, she gathered up her knitting and sallied out to make a call or two more before she went home.

Mr. and Mrs. Pellew were young, had been married but a year, and were mutually as happy in their union as love, and virtue, and similar tastes and dispositions could make them. He was engaged in a business, which with industry and good management yielded him a genteel living; he embarked in it however, with out capital of his own; but Julia had a considerable amount of property which, though the principal was not under her control, afforded a basis upon which her husband was enabled to gain the credit necessary in his business and he had done so. This amiable family had numerous relatives and acquaintances—were looked upon by the good and sensible part of the neighborhood as patterns of virtue, and were generally much beloved and admired.

The visit of their friend, Miss Polly, was forgotten in a day or two, but things began before long to wear rather a strange aspect. Time after time Mrs. Pellew observed, that her visitors, who began to be much more numerous than before, put on long faces, and in a condoling strain lectured on the trials of the marriage state, the necessity of forbearance, and exercise of christian patience,—mingled with sundry hints about the sovereign rights of the sex, and the best methods of managing unruly husbands, with now and then a kind of half expressed sympathetic pity for her. She could not for her life understand what all this meant—and attributed it to every cause but the right one.

Nor was Mr. Pellew to escape this new and to him unaccountable change of the current of feeling among his neighbors, towards him. The symptom he saw was a coldness and shyness on the part of his wife's relatives—some of them even refusing to speak to him. The female part of his acquaintance scolded at him; and what was worse, he thought his customers began to neglect him. Day by day things grew worse; at last his creditors began to push; he was alarmed; he had never before been asked for money; his credit had been perfect; he wondered, and waited for the issue; it came in half a dozen prosecutions, judgments and executions.

It was now time to rouse up. As these things were in progress, he appeared to be

in utter surprise, and to view them with perfect incredibility being scarcely willing to believe the evidence of his senses. Now he demanded the cause of this strange treatment, and with some difficulty ascertained, that it arose from the unhappy separation about to take place between him and his wife! and the cruel manner in which he had used her. He demanded the author of the story, and was referred to an old gentleman who had told his informer. The old man gave his wife—his wife, her neighbor's wife, and so the tale was traced down through about five and twenty mouths, growing rather less at each, until it came to Miss Polly Gaw—she had affirmation on her part that she would leave him.

Mr. Pellew now hit upon an expedient to bring matters to a close. He invited all such of his, and his wife's relatives, his neighbors, his creditors, &c. as were within his reach, to meet at his house, on business of the utmost importance.

About twenty of them assembled, among them Miss Gaw, and a half dozen of the principal mouth pieces in the village. He then stated to them his business—recounted the stories he had heard—traced them all down to their origin, and demanded of Miss Polly her reasons for the report she had raised. Cornered up so unexpectedly and suddenly, she candidly confessed that the only foundation for what she had said was, that on the afternoon she had paid the visit first mentioned, she had heard as she entered, Mrs. Pellew say, "Well sir, I can take care of myself,"—And she wished to know if Julia Pellew would deny this. Julia replied, she would not—she had barbecued a pair of fat quails for her husband's supper, and had been helping him to a choice bit—he had pressed her to keep it herself, saying she was too kind; and she did on the occasion, utter the offensive words, "Well, I can take care of myself."

A burst of astonishment succeeded. Miss Gaw ran out of the room like a woman who had lost her senses. The worthy couple received the congratulations of all the honest fools present; and though the knaves shook their heads, and pretended to be mighty glad the truth had come out, it was with a grace that but half concealed their sorrow. Thereafter not a syllable was ever lisped about the much talked of separation. But thus it is, gentle reader, that one half the tea table stories originate; and who would think there were still as many ready to believe them and trumpet them about as there were in Alsbury, in Polly Gaw's time.

UNION COLLEGE.—At the commencement of this institution on the 24th ult., the degree of A. B. was conferred on 70 young gentlemen, graduates. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. B. T. Welch, and Rev. Isaac Ferris of Albany, and Rev. Samuel L. Graham, of Granville county, N. C.

### Females.

If any thing were wanting to convince mankind of the exaltation and power of the mind of woman, the productions of finely talented females, now breathing the fine strains of pure and elevated poetry, and now pouring forth the enabling sentiments of philosophy, both in this country and Europe, would be sufficient. The towering genius of Madame De Stael, walking in cloudless majesty like the moon among the planets—the pure lustre of Mrs. Hemans, shining with the clear radiance of the mornning star—the softer scintillations of Miss Landon, like the first sweet ray of evening—the departing glory of Hannah More, like an orb just sinking behind the horizon—are specimens of what woman is in the Father-land—while the rose like beauty of Mrs. Sigourney—the ever-green foliage of Mrs. Hale—the summer savory fragrance of Mrs. Child—the lily loveliness of Hannah Gould—and the wild flower sweetness of Miss Sedgwick—are selections from the flowers of this western wilderness, and evidences of what the “daughters of Columbia” may become.

The true home of woman is in her house—it is there that she shines with peculiar loveliness—there is the proper sphere of her usefulness—and there are the objects which have the strongest claims upon her regard. We wish never to see her climbing the rugged acclivities of public life, with Boadicea at the head of her army, or with Catherine upon the throne of state—nor would we have her, like Charlotte Corday or the Maid of Orleans, periling her reputation and life, in popular insurrections and political feuds. Her abode is in the valley, among the flowers of the garden, and amid the sweets of domestic life—not on the hill top, and surrounded by strife, and debate, and the clashing of armor. She can never with consistency, appear in the forum or the pulpit—in the senate halls or at the polls—still without disparagement of her sexual character, or infringement upon those hallowed feelings, which the delicacy and loveliness of her nature have cast around her, she may devote her leisure to the pallet and the pen, and send forth the emanations of her soul, to enlighten and to bless.—*American Traveler.*

### **Character of the Dutch.**

It is well known that a habit prevails almost every where, of underrating and disparaging Dutch character, and Dutchmen. Nothing is more unjust, and yet nothing is more common—nothing testifies more unequivocally the ignorance and prejudice of those who indulge in it, than this habit. England is called the mother country; but if such of our population, whose ancestors migrated from her shores, are proud of their origin, much more reason have they who are descendants of the honest burgomasters of Holland, to be proud of their worthy ancestors. Holland though occupying a territory not larger than the State of Maryland, was first among the nations of Europe, and the Duke of Orleans has refused a challenge from Bonaparte. Don Pedro is the only pugnacious man among the rulers in Europe at present, and he clings to Oporto like maggots to a cheese, and declares himself determined to take his own time to conquer his own country, and cut the throat of his own brother—that is right Pedro—do things coolly. On this side of the water the Wandering Piper is neglected—Mr. Kemble is in trouble at Albany, Major Jack Downing at Downingville, Major Noah at New York, and Mrs. Royal at Washington. The Nationals have been doctoring the President, but his friends don't think he is any better than he was before they meddled with him. Mr. Webster has

Europe to take a stand in favor of liberty, and single handed, maintained a sixty years' war in its defense, against the greatest odds. At a time when France and England were yet enveloped in bigotry and superstition, Holland had achieved for herself civil and religious freedom, and opened her bosom as an assylum for the oppressed Hugonots; while others, the pilgrim fathers, sought a refuge from persecution in the wilds of America. Holland for a long time took the lead of all the surrounding nations in commerce, in science, in arts and in arms.—For the invention of the telescope, microscope, thermometer, pendulum, gunpowder, and printing, the world is indebted to the Dutch. And the best and most correct translation of the original scriptures, in any language, is that in the low Dutch, made under the auspices of the synod of Dort.

been driven from the West by the Cholera, Mr. Dana has given a party to his theatrical friends, and they have reciprocated the compliment. The Post received ten new subscribers yesterday, seven of whom paid in advance. This embraces every thing of importance throughout the universe, and this is "the only paper which contains the news."

**PHILOSOPHY.**—There are very few true philosophers among mankind. True philosophy consists in bearing without flinching, the ordinary ills of life—in holding the passions in subjection, and in being contented with the sphere, however humble, in which providence has cast our lot.

Philosophy is as often found in a cottage as a palace. The gifts of fortune if dispersed profusely, tend more to misery than to happiness, and few men, however heroically they may bear poverty, can withstand prosperity. It is a mistaken idea that happiness depends upon wealth. But we labor through our pilgrimage on earth, in seeking after *riches*. After all, the Philosopher's Stone is a cheerful and *contented mind*. Be satisfied with your present lot, instead of laboring to exchange it. Endeavor to convince yourself that Happiness is *now* within your reach, and without an effort you may secure it.—*Lowell Journal*.

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## Results of Accident.

Many of the most important discoveries in the field of science have been the result of accident. Two little boys of a spectacle maker in Holland, while their father was at dinner, chanced to look at a distant steeple, through two glasses placed one before another. They found the steeple brought nearer than usual to the shop windows. They told their father on his return; and the circumstance led him to a course of experiments, which ended in the *telescope*. Some shipwrecked sailors once collected some seaweeds on the sand, and made a fire to warm their shivering fingers, and cook their scanty meal.—When the fire went out, they found that the alkali of the seaweed had combined with the sand, and formed glass—the basis of all our discoveries in astronomy, and absolutely necessary to our enjoyment. In the days when every astronomer was an astrologer, and every chemist a seeker after the philosopher's stone, some monks carelessly mixing up their materials, by accident invented gunpowder; which has done so much to diminish the barbarities of war. Sir Isaac Newton's two most important discoveries—concerning light and gravitation—were the result of accident. His theory and experiments on light were suggested by the soap bubbles of a child; and on gravitation, by the fall of an apple, as he sat in the orchard. And it was by hastily scratching on stone a memorandum of some articles brought him from the washer-woman's, that the idea of lithography first presented itself to the mind of Seafelden.

**AN ELECTRIC EEL.**—I was standing in the gallery of a house belonging to a half-pay officer (now a planter,) when I observed a large jar in the garden; I inquired what it contained, and was told, an electric eel, ‘but,’ said my friend, ‘I have had it a long time, it is sickly, and has entirely lost its electrifying powers.’ I went to examine it, and saw a brown flat-headed broad-tailed eel, four or five feet long, with a look of *noli me tangere*, moving slowly round the inside of the jar. The planter then taking up a piece of old iron hoop, said in an off-handed manner, ‘if you touch him with this, you will perceive he has lost all his power., I did so, and was nearly knocked flat on my back: the shock was most severe, though the eel did not appear to be the least agitated, of course my friend was highly delighted.

Scenes of great diversion are occasioned among the English sailors who come to Stamford, by electric eels; they are told to bring them to be cooked. Jack bares his arm, and plunges his hand into the jar, and in a moment receives a shock which benumbs him; he looks round in wild amazement, and then at the eel, all the while rubbing his elbow. ‘Try again Jack, for a bottle of rum: he does so, grasps the eel firmly, grins and swears at ‘the beggar,’ receives shock after shock, drops the eel in despair, and runs off as if the devil had struck him. A little dog was thrown into the jar one day in which there was an electric eel, and was so paralyzed that it sunk helpless to the bottom, and was got out alive with some difficulty: and a horse that attempted to drink out of the jar was immediately thrown back on its haunches, and galloped off with mane and tail on end snorting with terror.—*Alexander's Sketches.*

**EQUALITY OF MANKIND.**—All civil distinctions disappear before a thinking being. He sees the same passions, the same ideas pervade the mind of the peer and the peasant: a gloss only is discernable in the language and appearance of the one, which the other does not possess. If any difference distinguish them, it is to the advantage of him who wears the mask. The people show themselves as they are, and they are not amiable; the great know the necessity of disguising themselves; were they to exhibit themselves as they are, they would excite horror.—*Swift.*

**REBECCA AND THE STEAK.**—A singular prosecution for robbery lately took place at a country town, in England. A girl by the name of *Rebecca Nun* was prosecuted by a reforming butcher, for robbing him of a *beefsteak*, valued at one shilling. Pending the affair, the amorous butcher offered to withdraw the suit if she would accept his suit. A butcher or Botany Bay—grease or plants. She accepted the former, and went to the altar, gaily singing, “*I won't be a Nun.*”

**HOSPITALITY.**—The voice of inspiration has enjoined hospitality as a duty. The dictates of nature concur in pronouncing it a virtue. In the simplicity of ancient times, it flourished as a vigorous plant.—The traveller found beneath its wide spreading branches a shelter from the noon day sun, and a cover from the storm. But nations in their approaches to refinement, have been prone to neglect its culture.—They have hedged it about with ceremonies, and encumbered it with trappings, till its virtues faded or its roots perished. Like the strippling shepherd, it hath drooped beneath the gorgeous armor of royalty, while it fain would have found among the stones of the brook the strength it needed.—*Mrs. Sigouruey.*

### The Tablet.

**COMMENCEMENT.**—The annual commencement of Yale College will be holden on the third Wednesday, the 21st day of the present month.

The annual commencement at Washington College, was held on Thursday last; the particulars we have not yet learnt.

### The Shrine.

We have received the sixth and last number of the second volume of “The Shrine” from Amherst College. It is a handsome periodical, and is conducted in a manner creditable to the institution from which it emanates. The editor, being about to leave the College, will also retire from his editorial duties—we trust another equally competent, will be found to succeed him. The following are among his closing remarks.

“We commenced this work, with some few discouragements, alone; and we have finished it alone; although assistance has been received by us, in the editorial department, from one whose taste and talent has contributed much to sustain the work.

“We have not endeavored to obtain articles from the oldest or wisest persons in the institution. We have sought for the productions of the youth of fourteen years of age, with as much desire, as we have for those of older persons; and it has been no source of regret; because, by this we have given a fair specimen of the talent in college.

“It is our desire to see the work go on, and prosper; but we are to leave our beloved institution, and there seems to be no one desirous of taking the editorship upon himself. That it may, some day or other, be continued, is our ardent hope; and that we may find it, gaining favor with the public, and giving greater credit to the College, will be one of our chief desires.”

Mr. George Dearborn of New York, has just published the entire works of Samuel Johnson, LL. D., in two large volumes. Dr. Johnson will ever be regarded as one of the great masters of style wherever the English language is spoken, and Mr. Dearborn has rendered a rich service to the community by this edition of his works.

For the Tablet.

### To a Withered Rose.

Alas, sweet rose, thy hour was brief—  
Was brief and transient as the morn;  
But yesterday how fair thy leaf,—  
To-day, 'tis wither'd sapt, and gone.

Thus youth puts forth its buds of strength,  
And blooms so sweetly and so rare,  
But Death the spoiler comes at length,  
And blasts the hopes that bloomed so fair.

Then center not thy thoughts below,  
Where all is doomed to fade and die,  
But look beyond this scene of wo,  
To brighter hopes beyond the sky.

LEANDER.

**To CORRESPONDENTS.**—B. P. J. is advised to try his hand at something besides poetry. We should neither do ourselves nor the author credit by inserting the lines which he sent us.

**RUTGERS COLLEGE.**—At the commencement which was held in the Reformed Dutch Church at Newark, on 17th inst. twenty two young gentleman received the degree of A. B. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. John Gosman of Kingston of N. Y., and Rev. Joseph McCarrel of Newburgh, N. Y. Professor of Theology in the Associate Reformed Church.—The Rev. Jacob J. Janeway. D. D. has been recently appointed Vice President of the College and Professor of Rhetoric, Evidences of Christianity, Political Economy, &c.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct your way, than to sit down under every hedge, lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary, but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us is not to lament, but to act; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

**MILTON.**—When Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. “I am no judge of colors,” replied Milton, “and it may be so—for I feel the thorns daily.”

**CROCODILE TEARS.**—An Irish Barrister once describing a pathetic scene, in one of the High Courts of Justice, was so overcome by his feelings, that he actually blubbered, and declared to the jury with great tragic effect, that “*like the crocodile*, he must pull his handkerchief out of his pocket to wipe his eyes.”

The pains we take in books or arts, which treat of things remote from the uses of life, is a busy idleness.

## THE LITERARY TABLET.

**King Frederick and the Miller.**

There was near Potsdam, in the reign of Frederick the Great, a mill which interfered with the view from Sans Souci. Annoyed by the eye sore of his favorite residence, the king sent to inquire the price for which the mill would be sold by the owner.—“For no price,” was the reply of the sturdy Prussian; and in a moment of anger, Frederick gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. “The king may do this,” said the miller, quietly folding his arms, “but there are laws in Prussia;” and forthwith he commenced proceedings against the monarch, the result of which was, that the court sentenced Frederick to rebuild the mill, and to pay besides a large sum of money as a compensation for what he had done. The king was mortified, but had the magnanimity to say, addressing himself to his courtiers: “I am glad to find that just and upright judges exist in my kingdom.”

The above anecdote is well known to every reader of Prussian history, but it is necessary to be related here as an introduction to what follows.

About three years ago, the present head of an honest miller’s family, (his name is Frank,) who had in due course of time succeeded to the hereditary possession of this little estate, finding himself after a long struggle with losses occasioned by that war, which brought ruin into many a house besides his own, involved in pecuniary difficulties that became insurmountable, wrote to the present king of Prussia, reminding him of the refusal experienced by Frederick the Great, at the hands of his ancestor, and stated that if his Majesty now entertained a similar desire, to obtain possession of the property, it would be very agreeable to him, in his present embarrassed circumstances, to sell the mill. The king wrote immediately to him, with his own hand the following reply:

“My dear Neighbor—I cannot allow you to sell the mill; it must remain in your possession as long as one member of your family exist; for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I lament, however, to hear that you are in circumstances of embarrassment; and I here send you 6000 dollars, to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this sum will be sufficient for that purpose.

Consider me always your affectionate neighbor.  
**FREDERICK WILLIAM.**”

During the President’s visit at Philadelphia, a hale buxom young widow greeted him with a hearty shake of both hands, at the same time exclaiming—“My dear General, I am delighted to see you; I have walked six miles this morning to enjoy this rare felicity.” To which the President replied, with an air of dignified gallantry—“Madam, I regret that I had not known your wishes earlier;—I would certainly have walked half way to meet you.”—*Prov. Jour.*

From the *Metropolitan*.

**A Letter**

FROM MISS MARY, AGED 16, TO MISS ANN, AGED 26.

I went in my silver and blue

To the ball—I was really in bloom—

Towards me he eagerly flew;

Yes, he—my dear Ann, you know whom.

He spoke of his transports and bliss,

Indeed, “he’s a *love* of a man;”

He swore, first by that, then by this—

Do you think he means *any thing*, Ann?

I tried to look simple and meek,

Whilst I trembled with joy and with fear,

As his lips murmur’d over my *cheek*,

In seeming to *whisper* my *ear*.

He spoke of the long joyous *train*,

Whilst rapture leads on the bright van,

That await those who love not in vain—

Do you think he meant *any thing*, Ann?

**ANSWER.**

My thoughts I will frankly reveal,

O! scorn not to listen to Ann:

I think that he meant a *great deal*—

Beware of this *love* of a man.”

When he speaks of the long *trains* of bliss,

That love, in succession will bring;

Dear Mary, just whisper him this—

That you like them all best in a *ring*.

**THE EGG HARVEST.**—A species of tortoise called the arrau, or tortuga, abounds on the river Orinoco, and some of the streams which run into it, and lays eggs in great numbers. These eggs, the natives gather, for the sake of an oil which they prepare from them. What is not a little singular, the tortoise lays all her eggs, (which sometimes amount to more than 100, and are as large as pigeons,) in a single night. They are laid in a hole three feet in diameter, and two in breadth, which the animal digs with its strong claws. Sometimes 300 Indians assemble at once to dig for them; and this has been called the *harvest of eggs*.

According to a Spanish traveller, every year a million of turtles assemble on the Lower Orinoco, to lay their eggs, and nearly a hundred millions of eggs are deposited. They are broken up and stirred, and set in the sun, in troughs, until the yolk, which swims on the surface, becomes hardened, after which it is taken off and boiled. The oil thus obtained is clear and without any smell; and is used for lamps, as well as for cooking. The eggs are also used for food by the Indians.—*Jurenile Rambler.*

**NATURAL UMBRELLAS.**—A little way from Caraccas, in Venezuela, is a *zamany tree*, whose branches spread out in every direction, like the spokes of an umbrella; and, after spreading out so as to form an immense circumference of 614 feet, they all incline towards the ground, from which they uniformly remain twelve or fifteen feet distant. It is almost as regularly round as any umbrella. The Indians have a great veneration for this tree; and, though not remarkable large, having a trunk only 9 1-2 feet in diameter, and 64 high, it is very ancient, having appeared much as it does at present, ever since the first conquest of the

country by the Spaniards. There are several other trees of the same kind, in the same neighborhood, but their arches are not quite so beautiful.—*Ib.*

**Married,**

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Croswell, Mr. Elisha T. Sterling of Cleaveland, Ohio, to Miss Marguerite, daughter of Mr. Asahel Tuttle of this city.

In this city by the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Zerah Barns, to Miss Abigail Downs.—Mr. William Chinery, to Miss Lucy Johnson.

At Norwich, Rev. Eli Smith, missionary to Western Asia, to Miss Sarah L. Huntington.

**Died,**

In this city, on the 25th ult. Mr. Daniel Smith, aged 71.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Wilmot Stone, formerly of Guilford, Conn.

At East Haven, Mr. Aaron A. Hughes, aged 36.

**Advertisements.****Motto Seals, &c.**

THE subscribers have for sale elegant GLASS MOTTO SEALS, of various patterns and sizes.

*Letter and Note Paper*, colored and plain of the best quality.

*Fancy Inkstands*—*Wafers* of all sizes and colors.

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*The Graces*, a new and fashionable game.

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August 3.

**THE LITERARY TABLET**

Is published every other Saturday, at the Office of WHITMORE & BUCKINGHAM, No. 1, *Marble Block, Chapel St. New Haven, Ct.* by

**G. M. BUCKINGHAM.**

TERMS.—The TABLET will be published semi-monthly, at \$1 00 a year in advance; or \$1 50, at the end of three months. Mail subscribers will in all cases be required to pay in advance. A discount of 20 per cent. will be made to persons who procure six or more subscribers.

Persons sending letters or communications by mail, must pay the postage thereon.

**PRESS OF WHITMORE & BUCKINGHAM.**